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JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES AND 'LIMITED LIABILITY.'

READERS of newspapers must have frequently observed in the advertising columns of most of the daily journals lengthy prospectuses setting forth in roseate terms the why and the wherefore of various public Companies. These prospectuses are published with the view of inducing investors, or those having capital at command, to embark money in the projected undertakings, the majority of which are new ventures, formed, perhaps, to work a tin or silver mine; to manufacture some patented article; to advance money on land and house property; to conduct banking or insurance business; to construct tramways; to rear and sell cattle on some prairie of the Far West; or some other of the hundred-and-one openings that present themselves for commercial dealings. Indeed, there is no end to the variety of objects that may be selected as fitting media for joint-stock enterprise. The titles of the Companies bear the word 'Limited' tacked on to them. It is the purpose of this article to explain the meaning of the term, and at the same time give a slight general exposition of the law affecting such joint-stock Companies.

A Company of the nature indicated above is simply an association or partnership entered into by a number of individuals—not fewer than seven—who take shares, not necessarily in equal proportions, in the joint-stock of the concern, the main object being the proportionate division of possible profits. When the joint agreement complies with the obligations laid down by statute, and is registered according to law, the subscribers become a corporation, and their Company has a common seal and 'perpetual succession,' to use a legal expression. It is only recently, comparatively speaking, that joint-stock Companies have existed in large numbers. Formerly, the formation of a Company was a difficult and costly operation, as a Royal Charter had to be specially obtained, or an Act

of Parliament passed for the purpose. In the year 1844, however, an Act came into force which enabled joint-stock Companies to become incorporated by registering in a particular way, after certain preliminaries had been gone through. Still the manner of proceeding was inconvenient, and something simpler was urgently required. Business men and investors wanted greater facilities for launching joint-stock enterprises, and for the risking of a certain sum of money, and no more, in such concerns, thereby setting a limit to their liability. According to the old law of partnership, each and every member of a corporation or Company was liable to the utmost extent of his means for the liabilities that might have been contracted on behalf of the undertaking. A recent and peculiarly disastrous instance of this occurred in the ruinous downfall of the City of Glasgow Bank, which with its collapse brought beggary to families innumerable, the various shareholders being liable to their last farthing for the enormous load of debt due by the bank at the time of the crash.

What is now known as 'limited liability' was first introduced in 1855, parliament having slowly moved in the matter, and passed an Act formulating the principle. It was, however, in the year following that 'limited liability' was placed on a firm footing, the previous Act being repealed, and a new one passed, which likewise embodied procedure for what is called the 'winding-up' or dissolution of Companies. Various laws affecting the constitution and proceedings of joint-stock corporations had been passed previously and in addition to those mentioned above; but there being much confusion, through the many separate statutes, a successful attempt was made in 1862 to consolidate the various laws, and 'The Companies' Act' was then passed. This statute is now the recognised code applicable to the joint-stock Companies of the United Kingdom; and new Companies, with few exceptions, are incorporated under its provisions. This general Act also enabled Companies then existent to

register themselves under the new order of things. It may not be generally known that this statute prohibits the formation of partnerships exceeding a given number of partners, unless such associations are incorporated under the provisions of the Act, or by a special Act of Parliament, or by letters-patent—modes so unusual that they may be almost laid out of consideration. It would thus appear that partnerships of individuals in excess of the number set down by law and not incorporated, are illegal. As already stated, a Company must have not fewer than seven shareholders; and not more than twenty people can enter into a business with the object of gaining money, unless legally incorporated, though exceptions are made if the business be mining within the jurisdiction of the Court of Stannaries. The term 'stannaries' refers to the tin mines and works of Devon and Cornwall. If the business be that of banking, the number of persons is restricted to ten. One essential feature of joint-stock investment is that the shares therein may be transferred by any member holding them without the consent of the other shareholders, unless, of course, the rules of the particular Company provide otherwise. Now, in ordinary partnerships, a partner must obtain the consent of his fellow-partners before disposing of his interest in the concern.

All joint-stock Companies, even at the present time, are not incorporated under the Act of 1862. When the object of a proposed undertaking is a great public work, such as the construction of a line of railway, canal or water works, and when compulsory powers are required to purchase land, it is usual to obtain a special Act of Parliament in order to establish the Company and regulate its proceedings. As of old, such an endeavour is difficult and, as a rule, costly to carry through successfully. Difficult from the fact that most schemes of supposed public utility are sure to have a host of opponents, who fight the matter inch by inch. Costly, too, because, if a private bill is opposed in its passage through the Committees of the Houses of Parliament, counsel—who require enormous fees—have to be engaged to defend the interests of the promoters; witnesses to give evidence as to the necessity for the line of railway, water-works, or whatever it may happen to be, have to be sent to London and kept there at much expense; and the solicitors who distribute the expenses retain always a considerable share for themselves. It must not be forgotten, too, that newspapers share to a certain extent in the spoil, as the long parliamentary notices of private bills which appear generally during the month of November in each year have to be paid for at a goodly rate.

After the Act of 1862 became law, a great number of Companies were originated, and each year sees them increasing, though the financial

panic of 1866 was a great check to the promoters of such concerns, and a caution to enthusiastic believers in them. As may be supposed, Great Britain is foremost in this mode of investment; though several continental countries, notably France and the Netherlands, possess many commercial associations based on the plan of limited liability. In the United States, also, the method of limited responsibility has been long adopted. The evil experiences of the 'black year' of 1866 resulted in the passing of a short Act of Parliament in 1867, amending in some degree that of 1862, and affording a certain amount of protection to intending shareholders. These have been supplemented by other Acts, the latest of which passed in 1880. It is far from creditable to our commercial morality that many Companies started of late years have proved to be worthless bubbles, profitable only to their promoters and wire-pullers, and ruinous to the luckless investors. The legislature protects the pockets of the public to some extent; but it remains for intending shareholders in joint-stock Companies to aid themselves, by first inquiring thoroughly into the merits of the undertaking into which they propose embarking capital, and believing nothing that is not put before them in clear, definite, unambiguous language.

Limited liability may be attained in two ways. The shareholders of a Company can limit their liability either to the amount not paid up on their shares—if there be any so unpaid—or to such sum as each may agree to contribute to the assets of the Company, if it should require to be wound up. In other words, the liability may be limited by shares or limited by guarantee. Most Companies are limited by shares. By this it is meant that a shareholder is liable to be called upon to pay, if required, a sum of money regulated by the shares he holds. Once the amount is paid, his liability is at an end, and he need not pay a farthing more, however great the liabilities of the concern may be. To put the matter on a plainer footing. If A B, a supposititious shareholder, take a hundred shares in a limited Company, which has, say, a capital of fifty thousand pounds in ten thousand shares of five pounds each, he of course risks five hundred pounds in the concern, and no more. The whole amount may not be paid up at once; but he is required to make good the sum, should it be wanted. The usual plan in applying for shares in a new Company with a share capital as indicated above is to pay a portion—say ten shillings per share—on application, other ten shillings on allotment, and the remainder of the five pounds by calls of perhaps one pound each at intervals of probably three months. However, the division of the payments depends greatly on the nature of the undertaking; some Companies can be worked at first with a comparatively small portion of the stated capital. If A B has only paid two pounds per share, and the Company in which he is a part-proprietor should unfortunately require to be wound up, he is liable to be called upon by the liquidator in charge of the winding-up to pay the remaining amount, so as to make his shares fully paid up. When the liability is by guarantee, each member of the Company undertakes, in the event of the

concern being dissolved, to contribute a fixed sum towards the assets and the winding-up expenses. This sum being fixed at the formation of the Company, each member knows the utmost sum he will have to contribute, should it prove a failure and liquidation be resorted to. Some financiers think the latter plan of limited liability the better of the two. In Companies constituted in the ordinary manner, it is common to find that all the capital has been called-up, so that if the evil day does arrive, and creditors, growing clamorous, institute proceedings for winding-up, they may find the original capital dissipated and nothing left to satisfy their demands, save, possibly, a worked-out mine and a quantity of old-fashioned or worthless machinery. Now, under the guarantee system there is always a fund, more or less great, available for the payment of liabilities; and this fund cannot be handled by directors or officials, but must remain intact, to be used for its destined purpose. From the creditors' point of view, this is highly satisfactory; but the guarantee system is not likely to recommend itself to shareholders where capital is required to carry on the business.

When a Company is to be started, the first step is the drawing-up of a Memorandum of Association. This document details the name of the Company, its registered office, the objects of the undertaking, whatever they may be, the manner of liability, the amount of capital, and how it is to be divided into shares. Then the persons—not fewer than seven—who are desirous of forming themselves into a Company subscribe their names, stating the number of shares they agree to take. All the law requires them to take is one share each, so that a Company with a very large nominal capital of one-pound shares might begin and perhaps carry on operations with a real capital of seven pounds only, represented by the seven shares issued to the original septet forming the Company. The fixing of a title is comparatively easy, though, of course, it must not clash with that of any existing corporation. Once named, it is seldom that a Company changes its cognomen; still, if desirous of doing so, there are provisions in the Act for enabling this to be done. The registered office of the Company demands some explanation. A registered office of a joint-stock Company may be termed its house or domicile, where legal documents may be served, where the books required by Act of Parliament are kept, and where the association is to be found 'in the body,' so to speak. The place of business or works of the Company may be elsewhere—Timbuctoo, Colorado, or anywhere else, if the Company's sphere of operations be foreign; but the registered office must be in Great Britain, that is, if the corporation is one of British origin. It may be noted that once the office is fixed in any one part of the United Kingdom—England, for example—it cannot be shifted to Scotland or Ireland, though it may be removed to any other place in England. The same rule applies to Scotland and Ireland. Thus, if the office of a Scotch Company be registered as being at Dundee, it could not legally be changed to Carlisle; though it could be removed, should occasion require, to Wick or Edinburgh, or to any other city or town in Scotland.

When the Memorandum of Association is properly settled, it is necessary to consider whether the Company should be registered with Articles of Association or without them. These Articles are the rules and regulations for the management of the Company, the issuing of shares, the holding of meetings, the auditing of books and accounts, and such-like necessary business. Unlimited Companies, and also those limited by guarantee, cannot be registered without special Articles of Association; but for the ordinary class of Companies—that is, those limited by shares—the Act gives a form of Articles which may be adopted by promoters in whole or in part or not at all, and with or without special articles in addition. If these are not adopted, it is necessary to have special Articles for the guidance of the business. After the Memorandum and Articles have been duly signed and witnessed, they are next stamped and taken to the Registrar of Joint-stock Companies. If the registered office is in England and Wales, the Registrar at Somerset House, London, is the proper official to apply to; if in Scotland or Ireland, then the respective Registrars at Edinburgh and Dublin take the matter in hand. Should everything be in due legal form, a certificate of registration is issued, and the Company becomes a corporation.

A Company may begin business as soon as it is registered; but this is not usual, as it is seldom that a sufficient number of shares have been subscribed to afford the requisite capital. To procure this, either before or after registration, the promoters issue a prospectus, stating the objects and prospects of the undertaking, and inviting investors to become shareholders in the Company. It may be taken for granted that the objects and intentions of the Company are set forth in very captivating style, and that the best face is put on the matter, so that those having capital at command and on the outlook for media for investment may be induced to subscribe. The great vehicle for giving publicity to these prospectuses is the daily and weekly press, though thousands of them, printed in quarto or folio, are sent through the post to the private addresses of well-to-do persons throughout the country. If the advertising has had due effect, and a sufficient subscription has been obtained, the directors hold a meeting and proceed to allot shares. Of course, it is not always the case that the shares are subscribed by the public; in fact it is a matter of chance whether they are 'taken up' or not. In the case of a failure of this kind, it is said then that the Company has failed to 'float,' and the heavy preliminary expenses thus fall upon the originators. In allotting shares to subscribers, the directors may accept or reject applications, or allot a smaller number of shares than that applied for; and they are not compelled to allot in proportion to the applicants. Thus A B may get the hundred shares he wanted; while X Y, who likewise desired one hundred shares, only has fifty put down to his name. All these preliminary matters being fairly and squarely gone through, the Company can then proceed to business, though there are various forms to be complied with, the description of which scarcely comes within the scope of the present article.

The beginning of the 'last scene of all, that ends, or may end, this strange eventful history,' is the winding-up proceedings. A joint-stock Company once formed, can only be dissolved by means of 'winding-up.' The general grounds for winding-up may be stated as follows: whenever the Company passes a special resolution to that effect—whenever business is not commenced within a year from the incorporation of the Company, or when business is suspended for one year—whenever the members are reduced below the legal number of seven—whenever the Company is unable to pay its lawful debts—and lastly, whenever the Court deems it just and equitable that the Company should be wound-up. The liquidating or winding-up is generally a tedious process; but it will not be necessary to detail here the varied forms of procedure which come under that head. What has been here set down is simply the A B C of the subject, the varied ramifications of which cover a deal of ground, and occasionally run into many dark thickets, some of them dangerous to creditors, some to directors, but nearly all to shareholders. These last ought always to walk warily, and never, if possible, without full knowledge and the best procurable advice of stockbrokers, bankers, lawyers, and others versed in the mysteries and risks of speculation, whether 'limited' or otherwise.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLVI.—DOWNHILL.

AFTER that dumb leave-taking of Madge at the station, Philip returned to his chambers, passing through the human torrent of Cheapside without any sense of sound, touch, or feeling. The room in which she had so lately stood looked desolate somehow; and yet her visit was like an ill-remembered dream. Only the plaintive voice with the faint 'Good-bye' haunted his ears. The sound was still in them, move where he would.

He tried to shake off the stupor which had fastened upon him as the natural result of narcotics, overstrained nerves, and want of sleep. One clear idea remained to him: so far as Madge was concerned, he had acted as a man ought to act in his circumstances. Dick Crawshaw would speedily satisfy her on that score. There was a tinge of bitterness in this reflection; and the bitterness brought a gleam of light, although not sufficient yet to dispel the confused shadows of his brain. It sufficed, however, to make him aware that it was Wrentham's vague whisperings about Beecham, and Madge's strange association with that person, which had urged him to act so harshly. For after all, there was no reason why he should not work his way out of the mess and win sufficient means to make Madge content, however far the position might be below that in which he would like to place her. But the haunting voice echoed its 'Good-bye,' and it seemed as if he had put away the love which

might have sustained him in this time of trial. 'What a fool, what a fool!' And he paced the floor restlessly, repeating that melancholy confession.

He wished Wrentham would come back, so that he might discuss the state of affairs again, and obtain explanations of certain items in the accounts he had gone over during the night. There he was at last, and something particular must have happened to make him knock so violently.

He threw open the door, and Mr Shield entered in his hurried blustering way, bringing with him a mixed aroma of brandy and gin. His bushy beard and whiskers were tangled, and his somewhat bloodshot eyes stared fiercely into space.

'Pretty mess—horrible mess,' he muttered in his jerky manner, as he forced his way into the room and flung his huge form on the couch; 'and I can't get you out of it. I'm in a mess too.'

The surprise at the appearance of Shield, his rough manner, and the announcement he made, roused Philip most effectually from his own morbid broodings.

'You in a mess, sir—I do not understand.' In his bewilderment, he omitted the welcome which he would have given at any other time, and did not even express surprise that Shield should have answered his letter in person.

'You'll get it into your head quick enough.—Give me a drink first—brandy, if you have it. Take a cigar. They're first-rate. Drink, smoke, and I'll tell you.'

He threw a huge cigar on the table, and lit one himself in a furious way. But, in spite of his rough reckless manner, he was watching Philip narrowly from under his heavy eyebrows. Philip having mechanically placed a bottle and glass on the table, stood waiting explanations.

'Light up.' (The command was obeyed slowly.) 'Give us soda. . . . Ah, that's better. Take some—you'll want it to keep your courage up.'

'Not at present, thank you. I should be glad if you would tell me at once the meaning of your strange statement that you too are in difficulties. That fact makes my loss of your money so much the worse.'

'It's bad—bad. Easily told. Think of me doing it! Got into a bogus thing—lost every available penny I had. That's why there is no help for you.'

Mr Shield did not look like a person who had fallen from the height of fortune to the depth of poverty. He drank and smoked as one indifferent to the severest buffets of fate.

'Gracious powers—you cannot be serious!' ejaculated Philip.

'Fact, all the same. Not ruin exactly; but not a brass farthing to come to me for a year or more.'

Philip paced the floor in agitation, unable to realise immediately the horrible calamity which had befallen his uncle. But the severity of the shock had the effect of rousing him to new life and vigour. All his misfortunes dwindled to pettiness beside those of his benefactor. He stopped before him, calm, and with an expression of firmness to which the lines made by recent calamities added strength. There

was no more wildness in the eyes; he had suddenly grown old.

'I understand, Mr Shield, that your present position is no better than my own?' he said slowly.

'Not much—maybe worse.'

'It shall not be worse, for whatever I can gain by any labour or skill is yours.'

'So?' grunted Shield as he drank and stared at the man through clouds of smoke.

'Yes, my course is plain,' Philip went on deliberately; 'we must sell the works and material for what they will fetch; they ought to fetch more than enough to clear off the debts.'

'Well?'

'I believed—and still believe—that if you had been able to make the necessary advances, we could have carried the scheme to a successful issue, notwithstanding my blunders. My first mistake was in beginning on too big a scale. That cannot be helped. Now we have to look the ruin straight in the face, and whatever work can do to make you feel your losses less, it shall be done.'

'Don't see how it's to be done,' muttered Shield, as if finding a difficulty somewhere.

'We'll try our best at anyrate; and you will believe, Mr Shield, that I should never have touched the money, if there had ever occurred to me a suspicion that you might some day feel the loss of it. You will remember that I always understood your wealth to be almost unlimited.'

'My wealth never was, and isn't likely to be. Been a mighty fall in diamonds lately.'

'Well, I understood so.' (The emphasis on the 'my' was not observed by Philip.) 'However, I hope you agree to accept the only return I can make for all your kindness to me.'

'Don't see how it's to be done,' growled Shield, again finding a difficulty somewhere.

'We must find that out, sir,' said Philip with quiet resolution.

'Got to find your way out of this mess first. The works won't bring half enough to clear off your debts. You've been cheated all round—paying the highest price for rubbish?'

'Impossible!' interrupted Philip. 'Wrentham may have made mistakes; but he is too much a man of business to have done that.'

'Fact it was done, all the same. Then there's no time to turn round. That bill you drew on me falls due in a week or so.'

Philip had been about to say, 'Wrentham must account to us, if the materials have not been according to sample and order;' but Wrentham was driven from his mind by the last sentence, which Shield jerked out before any interruption was possible.

'Bill!—What bill?'

'The one for six thousand—your brother Coutts discounted it, and' . . . Here Shield made a long pause, looking steadily at Philip . . . 'but it was not signed by Austin Shield.'

The huge fist came down on the table with a thump that made the glasses rattle and the lamp shake. Philip stared for an instant, thunder-stricken by this new revelation. He recovered quickly, and gave a prompt answer.

'If there is such a bill—I did not sign it either.'

Then they glared at each other through the smoke. Shield's face with its shaggy hair always looked like that of a Scotch terrier, in which only the eyes give a hint of expression. Suddenly his hand was thrust out and grasped Philip's with hearty satisfaction.

'Right! Was sure of it without a word from you; but your brother is not sure that your signature is not genuine.'

'Did he say so?' (How the pale cheeks flushed with indignation at the thought that Coutts should admit the one signature to be a forgery, and doubt whether his was or not.)

'Didn't say it—looked it,' answered Shield with jerky emphasis.

'When did you see him?'

'Yesterday.'

'Why did he not come to me then, as soon as he had seen you?'

'Don't know'—but there was a low guttural sound, as if Shield were inwardly chuckling with self-congratulation that he understood very well why Coutts had chosen to go to him and not to his brother.

Philip was annoyed and puzzled by this curious transaction. He had always regarded his brother as such a keen trader, that it was difficult to understand how a mistake of this magnitude could be made by him.

'Did he say how he came to deal with a bill for so large an amount without mentioning it to me?'

'Says he took it in the ordinary way of business from your manager Wrentham. Had no reason to doubt its genuineness till afterwards when he came to compare signatures. Then he called on me.'

'Wrentham!' Philip started to his feet. 'Can the man have been cheating me all along?'

'Looks like it.'

'He ought to be here now. I'll send for him.'

'Stop! There's more in the affair and more to be got out of it than we see at this minute. We have more than a week to work in. Let's work.'

'Willingly; but in this matter we have nothing more to do than repudiate the forgery, and leave Coutts and the police to settle with the forger.'

He felt bitter enough towards Coutts to have little regret for the loss which was about to fall on him. He would have felt still more bitter if he had known how eagerly Coutts had made use of this forged bill to endeavour to ingratiate himself into the place which Philip held in their uncle's estimation.

Wrentham had assured Coutts, and given him what appeared to be conclusive evidence, that Shield had realised fabulous sums out of the diamond fields, and had it in his power to realise as much more if he chose to work the ground. The greedy eyes of Coutts Hadleigh had gleamed with wild fancies suggested by these disclosures of the man who had been for a time one of Shield's London agents; and who must therefore be able to speak with certainty of his affairs; and the greedy brain had been for months busy devising schemes by which he might win the rich man's esteem and confidence, with the prospect of a share, at least, of his possessions. This

forged bill afforded him the opportunity he desired, and he made the most of it without committing himself to any definite charge against his brother.

The cleverest men are apt to judge others in some degree by reflection of their own natures, and so go wide of the mark. Countts tried to reach the good-will of Mr Shield through his pocket; and he went wide of his mark. He was, however, at present happy in the idea that he had scored a bull's-eye.

'That all you see to do?' queried Shield after a pause, during which he watched Philip.

'So far as the forgery is concerned, that is all.'

'Ah. . . I see more. Maybe we can get back a little of the waste. No saying. Worth trying. Anyhow, we can have a grin at the beggars who thought us bigger fools than we looked. That's what we've got to work for.'

'I don't quite see what advantage we are to obtain in that way.'

'Clear enough, though. We recover a part of what is lost—maybe the greater part. Don't give Wrentham or your brother a hint till you see me again. Go on with your arrangements as if you had heard nothing.'

'Very well, since it is your wish. Meanwhile, I shall get another bed fitted up here, so that you can occupy it as soon as you are obliged to leave the hotel. We'll manage to keep on the chambers somehow.'

'All right,' said Shield, nodding his head heavily. 'But you don't know what you are bringing on yourself. I'm fond of that.'

He pointed with his cigar to the brandy bottle. Philip gave his shoulders an impatient jerk; he had no need for this confession.

'I hope not too fond, sir; although it is easy to understand how a man leading such a solitary life as yours has been may contract the habit of looking for comfort from that false friend. But if it be so, then it is better you should be with me than with strangers.'

'Kind—very kind. I thank you. And now that I've given you all this bad news, here's a bit of good news. Found an old friend of mine—takes interest in everything. Says he'll make an offer for the works if on investigation he finds anything practicable in your scheme. More; if he finds that your failure is not due to negligence, he'll make you an offer for your services as manager of some sort.'

This was indeed good news, and Philip's eyes brightened with pleasure; but his first thought was for others.

'Then we shall not starve, uncle,' thank heaven; and if your friend has capital enough, I may see my project carried out under my own direction yet.'

'Maybe. Don't be too jolly over it. Beecham's a crotchety cur, and may change the whole thing.'

'Beecham!—Is he the friend you mean?'

'Yes. Says he knows you, and rather likes you.'

'He is very kind,' said Philip coldly; 'but there is a possibility of our not agreeing if brought into frequent contact.'

'No fear of that, no fear of that.—I'm off. Good-night.'

But before going off, he helped himself from the brandy bottle again; then, without the slightest indication of unsteadiness, strode out of the room and got into the hansom which was waiting for him.

PENCIL-MAKING.

At the head of the beautiful valley of Borrowdale lies the little hamlet of Seathwaite. Near a clump of historic yews, six or eight whitewashed cottages nestle, a favourite haunt of artists, and the one solitary place in England where plumbago is to be found in absolute purity. Here the mountains converge on either side, until Glaramara at last fills the gap and closes in the vale. Travellers, who wish to proceed farther, must go, either on horseback or on foot, over Sty Head Pass, and so into Wastdale, or past Scafell, into Langdale. Secluded little spot in Cumberland as this is, its hidden treasure was well known to our ancestors at least two hundred years ago; nor did any sentimental ideas of spoiling the lovely scenery deter them from mining into the mountain-side in search of that peculiar form of carbon commonly known as blacklead, plumbago, or graphite. The first and by far the most generally used of these names is a decided misnomer, for although there are many lead-mines in Cumberland, plumbago contains no trace of lead, but is one of the two crystallised forms in which carbon exists; the other being the diamond. Plumbago as found here lies in nests or pockets—or *sops*, as they are locally named. These sops are cavernous holes, varying in size from a few cubic inches to several cubic feet, and occur in the solid rock, resembling on a large scale what are known as air-holes in iron castings. The miners follow certain veins of granite as a guide to the sops, and come upon them suddenly in the heart of the mountain. It is in these that the plumbago—or *wad*, as the workmen call it—is found, in the form of black lumps, just like eggs in a nest. Some pieces are as small as peas, and others as large as big melons. How that plumbago came there, is a great puzzle to geologists. Odd pieces have been occasionally turned up by husbandmen whilst delving the ground; but it is probable that these were originally imbedded in the rocks, masses of which, having become detached by frost and rain, fell into the valley, and in their descent were broken up, and so laid bare the plumbago that was inside.

Owing to its power of standing great heat, our forefathers used plumbago for crucibles, a large portion being sent to the Mint for operations connected with coining. Pencils were also made of it; and people who have been accustomed to hear of Cumberland lead-pencils, may imagine that they are yet; but it is a mistake. A drawing-pencil made of this virgin graphite cannot be manufactured to cost less than a shilling; and who, except for some exceptional work, would give such a price? The scientific

chemist has stepped in and supplied a cheaper article. Conté, a Frenchman, about the end of last century, was the first to suggest a substitute, or rather a partial one; and since then, his idea has been step by step worked out and perfected, until to-day we are able to produce a commercial pencil at the wholesale price of less than one farthing. Even crucibles are now rarely made from it; so that, what with one thing and another, the Borrowdale mine has been closed for the last five years. Many of the visitors suppose that the stoppage of the works is caused by the mine having been exhausted. This, however, is a mistake, as there is every reason to believe that there are yet very large quantities of plumbago in the rock; but the cost of production, and the discovery of cheaper substitutes, render further mining impracticable as a commercial undertaking.

To give an idea of the difference in value of plumbago—the last lot from this mine sold in London brought thirty shillings per pound; and it has been known to sell for one hundred and sixty shillings; whilst the price at present for best foreign is about forty shillings per hundred-weight, or, say, fourpence per pound. Inferior qualities, such as are used for blackleading grates, &c., can be bought much cheaper. Foreign plumbago is chiefly imported from Ceylon and Bohemia, where it is found in veins in large quantities; but as this kind cannot be used for pencils in its crude state, it has to be 'manufactured.' This is done largely at Keswick; so that, after all, when a purchaser buys a 'best Cumberland pencil,' he is not altogether deceived; for although the blacklead does come from Ceylon and the cedar from Florida, were they not first introduced to each other by the Keswick workman, toiling at his bench in the water-turned mills on the banks of the Greta? The Borrowdale graphite varies much in degree of hardness; consequently, in the old days when it was made into pencils, each lump was tested and sorted according to the depth of colour it produced on a piece of paper. The classification was from H.H.H. or very hard, to B.B.B.B. or very soft and black. The graphite was then sawn by hand into strips, which were inserted into a slot or groove in the wood, and the whole glued together and turned in a lathe into a pencil. The method of to-day is quite different, and there being great competition in this trade, speed combined with good work is the principal end to be attained to bring the cost as low as possible.

✕The three mills at Keswick employ about a hundred workpeople, males and females. The men earn on an average about twenty-five shillings per week, and the women about twelve. The blacklead—we are now speaking of imported plumbago—is first crushed and then mixed with what is technically called a *binding*, the composition of which is a trade secret and varies at each mill. Its purpose is, as the term denotes, to give a glutinous consistency to the powdered plumbago and also to add to the blackness of its

marking qualities. Lampblack, sulphuric acid, gum-arabic, resin, and several other substances are used in this binding. The whole is worked into a pulp between revolving stones. It is then partially dried and again crushed. Whilst in this half-dry state, it is forced through a mould under considerable pressure. These moulds are of various sizes, from a very big one a quarter-inch square, used for fancy walking-sticks—a mere catchpenny, and purchased only by tourists as mementoes—to the little round ones used for putting into pencil-cases and which are called 'lead-points.' The intermediate sizes are known as Carpenters, Drawing, Pocket-book, and Programme. A workman receives the thin strip of blacklead as it is slowly forced through the mould, and at intervals breaks it off, carefully placing it on a board between pieces of wood. By this means a large quantity can be kept without fear of damage. When sufficient is moulded to compose a baking, the oven is heated; and these long slips, which are exactly the size of the lead in a pencil, are cut into lengths of about four inches, and packed with care in cast-iron crucibles. These are then put into the oven, and allowed to remain at a red heat for two hours. When gently cooled, the leads are ready for pencils.

In another part of the manufactory, a different kind of work is going on—that of preparing, or rather working the wood, for it undergoes no change but that of shape. Cedar is universally used, except in very low qualities and carpenters' pencils. Most of this wood comes from America; and Florida is one of the largest exporting States. The chief reasons for using cedar are—that it is easily worked, is soft, straight-grained, free from knots, and is sweet-scented. An eminent firm of toilet-soap makers have taken note of this last quality, and purchase all the cedar sawdust that is made in these pencil-mills. A minimum of waste is one of the sure signs of an advanced civilisation. Many and various circular saws reduce the cedar logs into strips of two sizes—one, about thirty inches long, an inch and a quarter wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick; the other, of the same dimensions, but only half the thickness. These are examined; and any having defects, such as knots, cracks, &c., are laid aside, to be used in shorter lengths, the bad places having been cut out. The thicker or three-eighth-inch strips are then passed through the grooving-machine, which cuts out three perfect and clean grooves up the whole length. These are now ready to receive the strips of lead, which are first dipped in glue and placed by girls into the grooves, which they exactly fill. The wood has now the appearance of having three black lines running parallel along the whole length. This surface is then brushed over with hot glue and the thinner strip placed firmly on it. If any pencil is looked at closely, the joining of these two pieces will be easily noticed. The whole is placed, with many similar ones, in a frame, where they are pressed firmly together until the glue has quite set.

It will be understood that now each piece is composed of two strips of wood, firmly glued together, inside which, three grooves, filled with plumbago composition, run from one end to the other—about thirty inches, or sufficient to make

four pencils to each groove—that is, twelve pencils in all. The length of a finished pencil is seven inches. These pieces are then taken to a very curious machine and passed twice through. The first time, the top surface is ploughed from end to end into what resembles three distinct semicircular ridges; the piece is then turned, and the other side treated in a similar manner. The result of this second ploughing is that three perfectly circular and entirely separate lengths are seen to emerge from the machine. On examining any one of these, it will be found to be a pencil thirty inches long, having the vein of blacklead exactly in the centre. This is an American invention, and has done much to reduce the cost of the modern pencil.

The pencils, however, have to pass through many hands before they can claim to be finished. Women rub them with fine sand-paper, other women varnish and polish them, and then they are cut by a circular saw into seven-inch lengths. For the first time, they could now be recognised by a child as pencils. A thin shaving is taken off each end, which gives them a finished appearance and causes the lead to shine, as the saw does not cut clean enough for a fastidious public. Lastly, the pencil is stamped, not necessarily always with the maker's name, for nowadays he occasionally sinks his individuality for the purpose of selling his wares; and for an order of a gross, some makers will stamp any village stationer's name on each pencil.

MR PUDSTER'S RETURN.

CHAPTER II.

MR GIDEON MAGGLEBY had been married rather less than two-and-twenty hours, when at about nine o'clock on the morning of March 23, 1868, he walked into the room in which he had so often breakfasted and dined with his late friend and partner, Solomon Pudster. Mr Maggleby, who was pre-eminently a man of business, had not seen fit to go to the Isle of Wight or to Paris to spend his honeymoon; and Mrs Maggleby, who was nothing if not a woman of sound sense, had loyally accepted the decision of her third lord and master. They had agreed to stay in town, and not to allow their new happiness to interfere with their material interests in Mincing Lane. Mr Maggleby had determined, however, to make a holiday of the day after his wedding; to stay at home in the morning with his wife, to escort her to Madame Tussaud's in the afternoon, and to take her to the play in the evening.

With this comfortable programme in his mind's eye, Mr Maggleby came down to breakfast in his flowered dressing-gown. Mrs Maggleby, he knew, would not be many minutes behind him, and he therefore rang the bell for the coffee, and turned lazily towards the table, upon which lay two piles of letters. The smaller heap chiefly consisted of missives addressed to Mrs Pudster, for the marriage of the previous day had not as yet been noised abroad in the country, and Mrs Maggleby had several female correspondents who communicated with her much more often than she communicated with them. The larger bundle

was made up of letters addressed either to Mr Maggleby or to Messrs Pudster and Maggleby, the letters to the firm having been already brought down from Mincing Lane by a confidential clerk.

It was a chilly morning; and Mr Maggleby, with the letters in his hand, sank into an easy-chair by the fireside, and then began to polish his spectacles. But ere he had time to complete that operation, one envelope attracted the attention of his not very dim-sighted eyes. It bore the post-mark 'Plymouth,' and was addressed in a familiar hand-writing. Without waiting to put on his spectacles, Mr Maggleby seized this envelope and tore it open. For an instant he stared at the letter which it contained; then he turned white, and fell back with a groan. But Mr Maggleby was a man of considerable self-command, and he soon partly recovered himself.

'Maria must not see me in this agitated state,' he murmured, as he rose. 'I shall go back to my dressing-room, and decide upon some plan of action before I face her.' And with unsteady steps, he quitted the dining-room, taking with him the letter that was the cause of his emotion.

Almost immediately afterwards, a servant entered with the coffee and some covered dishes, which she set upon the table; and no sooner had she withdrawn than Mrs Maggleby appeared. Mrs Maggleby looked blooming, and was evidently in capital spirits. She caught up her letters, sat down smiling in the very easy-chair from which her husband had risen a few minutes earlier, and began to read. The first letters to be opened were, of course, those which were addressed to her in her new name. They contained congratulations upon her marriage. Then she attacked the envelopes that were addressed to Mrs Pudster. One contained a bill; another contained a request for Mrs Pudster's vote and interest on behalf of Miss Tabitha Gabbles, a maiden lady who was seeking admission into the Home for the Daughters of Decayed Trinity Pilots; and a third brought a lithographed letter from the Marquis of Palmyra, imploring the recipient to make some small subscription to the funds of the Association for the Encouragement of Asparagus Culture in the Scilly Islands. There were also letters from Miss Martha Tigstake and Mrs Benjamin Bowery, dealing with nothing in particular and with everything in general; and finally there was a letter bearing the post-mark 'Plymouth.' Mrs Maggleby opened it carelessly; but a single glance at its contents caused her to start up, grasp convulsively at the mantelpiece, utter an exclamation, and tremble like a leaf.

'Poor Gideon!' she said. 'What a fearful blow! He mustn't see me in this agitated state. I shall go up-stairs again, and decide upon some plan of action before I face him.' And Mrs Maggleby, letter in hand and pale as death, quitted the room, leaving the coffee and the eggs and bacon and the crumpets to get cold.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Mr Maggleby ventured down-stairs again. He was dressed as if to go to the City, and in his hand he held a letter which bore the simple address, 'Maria.'

This letter he laid upon his wife's plate. It was worded as follows :

MY DEAREST LIFE—I am suddenly and unexpectedly summoned to Mincing Lane on business of the greatest importance. I do not know exactly when I shall return, but you must not be anxious.—Yours devotedly,
GIDEON.

Mr Maggleby hastily seized a tepid crumplet, and without the formality of seating himself at the table, devoured the clammy dainty. Then, hearing his wife upon the stairs, he rushed like a madman from the room, and an instant afterwards, left the house and quietly closed the front-door behind him.

Mrs Maggleby, whose face bore traces of recent weeping, entered the dining-room as if she expected to find the place tenanted by a ghost. Discovering, however, that it was empty, she resumed her seat by the fire, and, with an hysterical outburst, buried her head in her hands.

'Poor dear Gideon!' she sobbed. 'What will become of him and me? We shall be imprisoned for life; I know we shall. The house will have to be shut up; the business will go to ruin; the servants will have to know all. Oh, it is too terrible! But I must compose myself. Gideon will be coming down, and I must be prepared to break the news to him;' and with great self-command, Mrs Maggleby wiped her eyes and seated herself at the table. As she did so, she caught sight of her husband's note, which she eagerly opened.

'He has gone!' she exclaimed despairingly, when she had read it. 'I am left alone to bear the trial!—Ah, Gideon, you little know how cruel you are. But I must follow you. We must concert measures at once.'

Once more she went up-stairs. She put on her bonnet and cloak; she covered her flushed face with a thick veil; and without saying a word to any of her servants, she left the house, and made the best of her way to the nearest cabstand.

Meantime, Mr Maggleby had been driven to his place of business in Mincing Lane. He entered his office, and sat down as if dazed, in his private room. Hearing of his principal's unexpected arrival, the head-clerk, Mr John Doddard, almost immediately appeared. He too was scared and breathless.

'Read, sir, read!' he gasped as he thrust an open letter into Mr Maggleby's hand.

Mr Maggleby mechanically took the letter, and read aloud as follows :

On board S.S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.

DEAR MR DODDARD—As you are probably not expecting me, I send a line ashore to let you know that I hope to return in time to be at business at the usual hour on Thursday. Please take care that there is a good fire in my private room, as a visit to Demerara always, as you know, renders me particularly sensitive to cold and damp. I am writing to Mr Maggleby. We have had a capital voyage so far, but the weather in the Channel threatens to be rather dirty. I shall land at Gravesend; and if you can find out when the *Camel* is likely to be there, you may send down some one to meet me.—Yours faithfully,
SOLOMON PUDSTER.

'I knew it!' ejaculated Mr Maggleby. 'I have just received the letter that he speaks of.'

'What does it all mean?' asked Mr Doddard. 'I seem to be dreaming, sir. We buried poor Mr Pudster eight months ago, didn't we?'

'So I thought,' murmured Mr Maggleby vaguely. 'But this letter is certainly in his handwriting. And look at the post-mark. There it is, as plain as possible: "*Plymouth, Mar. 22, 1868.*" That was yesterday; and to-day is Wednesday, March 23d.—Just read my letter, Mr Doddard!' and he pulled from his pocket a missive, which he handed to his clerk.

Mr Doddard read as follows :

On board S.S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.

MY DEAR GIDEON—Here I am almost at home again. I fancy that you didn't expect to see me just at present; for I wasn't able to write to you before we left Demerara; so, as we are now sending ashore here, I post you a few lines to prepare you for the surprise. It is, as you know, quite unusual for vessels of this line to call at Plymouth, and therefore I haven't time to send you a long letter; though, if we also call at Southampton, I will write again from there. I have told Doddard to send some one to meet me at Gravesend; let him take down any letters that you may want me to see at once.—Yours affectionately,
SOLOMON.

'Well, I never did!' cried Mr Doddard. 'Yet I could swear to Mr Pudster's handwriting anywhere. It is a terrible thing for a man who ought to be lying quietly in his coffin to come back like this, and upset every one's calculations.'

'You are certain about the handwriting?' asked Mr Maggleby anxiously.

'Quite certain!' replied Mr Doddard. 'What a frightful thing for poor Mrs Pudster!'

'Mrs Maggleby, you mean!' said Mr Maggleby. 'Yes. I don't know how to break it to her. It's a case of bigamy; isn't it?'

'Let us hope for the best, sir. Mr Pudster won't prosecute, I fancy, considering the peculiar character of the circumstances. It's his fault. That's my opinion. I could swear, even now, that we buried him. He must have revived in his coffin, and been dug up again by the grave-diggers; and must then have gone over to Demerara, in order to avoid shocking his poor wife.'

'I wonder our Demerara agents didn't say something about it when they wrote by the last mail,' said Mr Maggleby.

'Oh, of course he kept them quiet, sir. But it's a cruel case—that's all I have to say. And though I have known Mr Pudster these thirty years, and liked him too, I don't hesitate to say that he's not behaving straightforwardly in this piece of business.'

'Hush! Wait until you know of his motives,' said Mr Maggleby.

'He can't excuse himself, sir, I tell you,' rejoined Mr Doddard warmly. 'If he comes back, I go. So there! And I say it with all respect to you, sir. When a man's once dead, he's got no right to come back again. It isn't natural; and what's more, it isn't business-like.'

The bitterness of Mr Doddard's remarks in this connection may be partly accounted for by consideration of the fact that Mr Maggleby had a few days previously announced his intention of taking the head-clerk into partnership at an early date. Mr Pudster's return would of course knock this project on the head.

'Well, Doddard,' said Mr Maggleby, 'we can't mend matters by talking. We can only wait; and perhaps, when we see Mr Pudster, we shall find that'—

But Mr Maggleby's philosophical remarks were suddenly cut short by the unexpected arrival of Mrs Maggleby upon the scene. She rushed into the private room, stretched forth a letter, and fell sobbing upon her husband's neck.

Mr Maggleby placed his wife in a chair, opened a cupboard, gave her a glass of wine, took the letter, and read it. Like the others, it was dated from on board the *Camel*, off Plymouth. 'MY OWN DEAREST WIFE,' it ran—'In a few hours from this I shall, I hope, be with you once more, never again to leave you. I ought to have already apprised you of the probable date of my return; but at the last moment before starting, I had no opportunity of writing. How glad I shall be to see you! My long absence has been a great trial to me, and I feel sure that it has also tried you; but it is now almost at an end. I will, if possible, write again from Southampton, and tell you exactly when to expect me. The sea in the Channel is so rough that at present it is difficult to say when we shall get into the river.—Your ever loving husband, SOLOMON.'

'It is most painful!' gasped Mrs Maggleby. 'What can we do, Gideon? You must manage to meet Solomon at Gravesend. Look in the newspaper, and see whether the *Camel* has been signalled yet. He must hear first of what has happened either from my lips or from yours; and I am really not well enough to go myself. I thought that he was lying cold in his coffin. Oh, that I should have committed bigamy! I ought to have remained faithful to his memory. This is my punishment. But he must—he shall forgive me.'

Mr Doddard had gone into the outer office, and had sent a clerk for a copy of the *Times*. With this he now returned; and the paper was opened on Mr Maggleby's table, and eagerly scanned for news of the *Camel*.

'Here we have it!' said Mr Doddard at last. '"Steamship *Camel*, from Demerara to London, with cargo and passengers, was signalled off Dover at one o'clock this morning."—Then Mr Pudster will be at Gravesend in an hour or two, sir.'

'Go, Gideon, go!' exclaimed Mrs Maggleby. 'Lose no time. Take a special train if necessary. Tell him all, and implore his forgiveness.'

'Yes, I think I had better go, Maria,' said Mr Maggleby. 'I will send a clerk home with you, and will telegraph to you as soon as I see your—your late husband. In the meantime, try to be calm. Please tell them to call a cab, Doddard.'

Mr Doddard returned to the outer office, and despatched a messenger for two cabs. Mr Maggleby handed Mrs Maggleby into one of them, and a clerk followed her. Then the unfortunate man went back for a moment to his private room to study Bradshaw on the best and

speediest route from London to Gravesend. There was a train at a quarter past eleven. It was then a quarter to eleven.

'And when will he be at Gravesend?' asked Mr Maggleby.

Mr Doddard turned again to the *Times*. But instead of at once lighting upon the shipping news, his eye fell upon a paragraph that occupied a not very conspicuous position at the foot of the page. Suddenly he uttered a cry.

'What's the matter, Doddard?' demanded Mr Maggleby, who was rapidly growing impatient.

Mr Doddard replied by bursting into a paroxysm of laughter. 'By Jove!' he exclaimed, 'this is too ridiculous! I never heard of such a thing in my life! It is like a play! Ha, ha, ha!'

'Your merriment is rather ill-timed,' cried Mr Maggleby reproachfully. 'Tell me when Mr Pudster will arrive at Gravesend; and be quick, or I shall lose that train.'

'A pump, too!' continued the head-clerk hilariously.

'You're mad, I think,' said Mr Maggleby. 'What do you mean?'

'Well, read this, sir,' answered Mr Doddard, and he handed the *Times* to his principal and pointed to the paragraph.

Mr Maggleby testily took the paper, adjusted his spectacles, and read:

'EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY AT PLYMOUTH.—The corporation of Plymouth recently decided to remove an old and disused pump which for many years has stood handleless and dry on the Hoe. Yesterday morning, some workmen proceeded to remove it, and in its interior they were astonished to discover a number of letters, which had, it is supposed, been put into the hole into which the handle formerly fitted, under the delusion that the pump was a post-office pillar letter-box. The letters were at once taken to the Plymouth post-office, and were without delay forwarded to their destinations.'

'Can it be true?' ejaculated Mr Maggleby, with a great sigh of relief. 'Then the fact of the *Camel* having been signalled last night off Dover is merely a coincidence?'

'Most certainly,' said Mr Doddard.

'Thank Heaven!' cried Mr Maggleby fervently. 'Send the cab away, Doddard. But no! I'll go home again at once, and set my poor wife at ease. Ha, ha! I do remember now, that when poor Mr Pudster came home from his last voyage, he discovered that some letters which he had posted at Plymouth had not been delivered. We didn't miss them, because, as you recollect, Doddard, he wrote again from Southampton.'

'Of course he did, sir,' said Mr Doddard. 'Well, let us congratulate ourselves. It would have been a fearful business for Mrs Maggleby to have to go through.'

'And it would have been bad for you, Doddard, for it would have spoilt your chance of a partnership for some time to come. Now, I'm off.'

Mr Maggleby put the *Times* in his pocket, and departed; and when he reached his home and showed the paper to his wife, the couple sat together for at least half an hour, talking over the extraordinary nature of the adventure.

'Well, we shall be able to go to Madame Tussaud's and the theatre after all, Maria,' said Mr Maggleby at luncheon.

And go they did; and what is more, Mr Doddard became a partner a fortnight later, the firm thenceforward being known as Maggleby and Doddard.

THE FORESIGHT OF INSECTS FOR THEIR YOUNG.

IN no manner is the mysterious influence of instinct over the insect world more remarkably manifested than by the care taken by parent insects for the future welfare of offspring which they are destined never to behold. As the human parent upon his deathbed makes the best provision he can for the sustenance and prosperity of his infant children, whom death has decreed that he may not in person watch over, so those insects which nature has decreed shall be always the parents of orphan children, led by an unerring influence within, do their best to provide for the wants of the coming generation.

The butterfly, after flitting through her short life, seeks out a spot whereon to deposit her numerous eggs, not—as one might expect of a creature devoid of mind—upon any chance plant, or even upon the plant or flower from which she herself has been wont to draw her sustenance, but upon the particular plant which forms the invariable food of the larvæ of her species. The various kinds of clothes-moths penetrate into our cupboards, drawers, and everywhere where furs, woollen garments, &c., are stored, that they may there lay their eggs, to hatch into the burrowing grubs which are the terror of our housekeepers. The ichneumon tribe, one of nature's greatest counterpoises to keep down the too rapid increase of the insect world, lay their eggs in the larvæ of other insects, which eggs when hatched develop into a devouring brood, which ungratefully turn upon and devour the helpless creature that sheltered them as a nest. The female ichneumon having discovered a caterpillar or grub which her instinct informs her has not been previously attacked, at once proceeds to thrust her ovipositor into the writhing body of her victim, depositing one or more eggs, according to the size of the living food-supply. When hatched, the larvæ devour and live upon their foster-parent, avoiding in a marvellous way the vital parts of their victim, whose life is most accurately timed to last until its young tormentors are full grown, and not beyond. At one time, we were led to believe in occasional instances of the instinct of female ichneumons being at fault, by observing them apparently ovipositing upon the dry shells of pupæ from which the butterflies had escaped. This, however, we subsequently found to be an erroneous idea, the fact of the matter being, that the caterpillar upon which the parent ichneumon had laid her fatal egg, had had time, before the full development of the young ichneumon grub, to turn to the pupal stage. What, then, we saw was the young ichneumon fly just emerged from the dry pupal case, the contents of which it had first devoured in its own larval stage, then, itself turning to a pupa, it had lain, thus doubly incased, until, having broken forth a perfect fly, it rested upon its late prison, awaiting sufficient strength to come to its wings. What a wooden horse of Troy such

a chrysalis would prove, if introduced into the breeding establishment of a collector!

Other members of the ichneumon tribe do not actually insert their eggs into the destined food-supply of their young; but, as it were, going deeper into calculation of future events, content themselves with laying them in close proximity to the eggs of some member of the tribe upon which it is their mission to prey.

There is an old saying—

Big fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
Little fleas have smaller fleas,
So on ad infinitum;

which is very true, inasmuch as from the great humble-bee down to the tiniest corn-thrips—a mere speck of dust to the naked eye—all insects have their parasites, and generally their own special species of ichneumon, to prevent their over-increase and to preserve the due balance of nature. There is a species of longicorn beetle, found in Pennsylvania, which feeds upon the tender bark of young hickory shoots. When laying-time arrives, the female, having deposited her eggs in cavities perforated in the bark, carefully cuts a groove, about one-tenth of an inch wide and deep, round the shoot just below where her treasures lie. The object, or rather we suppose we ought to say the consequence, of this act is the withering and decay of the shoot, a provision for the sustenance of her young, which, when in their larval state, live upon dead wood! This remarkable insect is called the hickory girder from the above-mentioned habit, which, we think, is one of the most extraordinary instances of foresight, through a mere blind instinct, that have ever come under observation.

The gadfly (*Eustrus equi*), whose larvæ are the bots which inhabit the intestines of the horse, gains for her progeny that comfortable position by entrapping the animal itself into introducing her eggs within its stomach. For this purpose, she lays her eggs upon such portions of the horse's body as he is in the habit of frequently licking, such as the knees, shoulders, &c. The unerring nature of her instinct is shown by the fact that she never chooses as a nidus any portion of the body which the horse is unable to reach with its tongue. Having thus been introduced into their natural feeding-grounds, the bots there pass their larval existence, until, it becoming time for them to assume the pupal form, they go forth with the animal's dung to reach the earth, burrow into it, and therein pass the insects' purgatory.

Again, one of the grain-moths (*Gelechia cerealella*) shows remarkable instinct in adapting itself to circumstances according to the time of year when it has to deposit its eggs. The first generation of these moths, emerging in May from pupæ which have lain in the granaries through the winter, lay their countless eggs upon the as yet ungathered corn, upon which their young play havoc until, having passed through the necessary stages, they come out in the autumn as the second generation amidst the now stored-up grain. Now, however, their instinct prompts them, not, like the first generation, to go forth to the fields to seek the

proper nest and future nourishment of their young, but bids them deposit their eggs upon the store of wheat ready at hand. Thus, two following generations of the same insect are led by their instincts to different habits to suit the altered and, in the last case, unnatural position of their infants' destined food-supply.

The interesting mason-wasp, having with great care and skill bored out a cylindrical hole in some sunny sandbank, deposits at the bottom of this refuge her eggs. Next, provident mother as she is, she seeks out about a dozen small caterpillars, always of the same species, and immures them alive in the pit, as food for her cruel children. In making her selection of grubs to be thus buried alive, she rejects any that may not have reached maturity; not, we imagine, upon the score of their not being so full-flavoured, but because, when not full grown, they require food to keep them alive; whereas, when of mature age, they will live a long time without nourishment, ready to turn to chrysalides when opportunity occurs.

These are but a few of the instances which might be adduced in illustration of this foresight in insects, which compensates for their not being allowed in person to superintend the welfare of their offspring. In many cases, it would be better for human progeny were their parents thus endowed with an unerring instinct, rather than with an uncertain will.

A BREAK-NECK VENTURE.

It is more than thirty years since my medicomilitary lines were cast in the little picturesque station of Badulla, the capital of Oovah, in the interior of Ceylon. This district was the centre of very considerable European enterprise in coffee-growing, and, both socially and commercially, was an important unit of the Kandian provinces; hence government, in addition to a small garrison of troops, had established in it a staff of its Civil servants, for the administration of fiscal and judicial affairs, and it is concerning one of these officials—the assistant district judge, as he was called—that my story is now to be told.

The judge was a young gentleman of good parts and attractive manners. He was a dead-shot, an excellent angler, a perfect rider, a very Dr Grace or Spofforth of a cricketer, and an intelligent, chatty, pleasant companion to boot. He had also a sure foot and a steady head. He could walk along the verge of a rocky precipice with a sheer descent of hundreds of feet as unconcernedly as many a man trudges over a turnpike road. Chaffingly, we were wont to tell him that he had entirely mistaken his vocation in life, and that instead of being 'an upright judge,' trying 'niggers,' he ought to have been another Blondin, trundling wheelbarrows on a rope stretched across Adam's Bridge from Manaar to Ramisseram, and cooking a prawn curry in a stove when in the very middle of the Straits. However, even in the capacity of the aforesaid judge, this proclivity of being able to walk safely upon next to nothing once stood him in good need, as I myself witnessed.

One afternoon he came into my quarters

holding in his hand a letter, which the post had just brought him. I ought perhaps to mention that thirty odd years ago there were neither railroads nor electric telegraphs in Ceylon, and that travelling was comparatively slow, and to some extent uncertain. In the case of our station, however, we had little to complain of. The postal authorities at Colombo forwarded our mail-bags to Kandy—the first seventy-two miles of the way—by a daily two-horsed coach; and from that city to their destination, 'runners' carried the letters. But these 'runners' now and again met with accidents of various sorts, such as being killed by elephants or tigers; and it so happened that something of the sort—I forget what—having occurred to detain my friend's letter, it was older by more than twenty-four hours than it should have been, when he got it.

'I must be off sharp to Colombo,' said he, addressing me as he entered my room. 'I have had awfully bad news: it is a question of life or death with a very dear friend there. I can't lose a moment over my departure. But get leave from the Commandant, and keep me company as far as Attempttytia—it is only a dozen miles away—and we will talk over things as we go along.'

'All right,' I said; 'I'm your man.'

In a very few minutes the required permission was obtained; after which my pony was saddled and we were off. After leaving me at the travellers' bungalow at Attempttytia, my companion would have to proceed to Kandy, to catch the downward coach, leaving at daylight next morning for Colombo. To accomplish this—some eighty odd miles—he would be forced to ride all night, assisted stage by stage with fresh mounts, which the kind-hearted coffee-planters, whether known or unknown to him, would willingly place at his disposal.

'Let's see,' said the judge. 'I've a good fourteen or fifteen hours before me to find that highly respectable rattle-trap of a royal mail-coach drawn up at the post-office at gun-fire to-morrow morning. Fourteen hours, six miles an hour, including stoppages—eighty-four miles! A snail's pace; but I won't calculate upon more speed. Bar accidents, I'm safe to do it, and do it I must.'

So on we galloped, little heeding the romantic scenery through which we were hurrying, and the faster too, as the sun was becoming obscured by thick, heavy, black rain-clouds, which were gathering over it and all around.

'We are in for a drenching,' I remarked.

'If a drenching were all,' was the reply, 'it would not much matter; but'—

'Well! But what?'

'The Badulla Oya, the river which runs through the deep gorge between the spurs of the hills you see yonder—I know that river well. In dry weather, it is little more than a shallow streamlet, over the stones of which an inch or two of water trickles. But when these sudden monsoon downpours come on, it has the unpleasant knack of swelling, swelling, until it becomes a large, wide, deep mountain torrent, tearing like mad to empty itself somewhere. And you have no idea of the rapidity with which this metamorphosis is accomplished. Let's push on, for

the river crosses the highway; and by Jove, here is the rain and no mistake!

A vivid flash of lightning, a loud clap of thunder right overhead, and before its reverberations were half ended among the echoing mountains, a deluge of rain was upon us. We were soaked to the skin in a few seconds.

'How far is the river?' I asked.

'Good five miles; and five miles with these flood-gates of the skies opened, mean touch and go. Twenty to one, the Badulla Oya will be swollen and impassable.'

'Is there no canoe or bridge?'

'Canoe! What on earth, in your Ceylon griffinage, are you dreaming about? As for a bridge, well, metaphorically speaking, there is a thing which the natives call a bridge; but practically, not what you and I and the department of Public Works would class as one. However, it will not be long before you see what sort of a concern the bridge is like.'

We now hastened as fast as the animals we rode could lay hoofs to ground; but before the five miles were traversed and the banks of the river reached, we distinctly heard it roaring.

'It is down already,' said my companion.

Down it was with a vengeance, as we presently realised. Over a bed of rocky boulders it foamed and boiled and tumbled, a dark, deep, angry chocolate-coloured torrent, sixty feet wide at least.

Squatting under a large tree on the bank opposite to us, accepting the situation with that stolid indifference for which the Asiatic is so very remarkable, and chewing betel, that panacea for all the ills which Singhalese flesh is heir to, was a Kandian villager, well advanced in years. The judge hailed him in his own language. 'Hi! father! Did you swim the river?'

'Am I a fish, think you, my son?' the man responded.

'Did you cross it by the bridge, then?'

'Does the English *mahatmeya* [gentleman] take me for a Wanderoo monkey, or for a jungle-cat, to walk upon broken twigs high up in the air?' he answered evasively.

'How, then, did you manage to get over?'

'I have not got over at all. I have come from my village on this side, and I wait here until the flood subsides.'

'How long will that be, think you?'

'If the rain ceases, the river will be again fordable in three or four hours. If the rain continues—who can tell? Buddha only knows!'

'Three or four hours!' muttered my companion despondingly. 'Too long, much too long for me.' Then again speaking to the Kandian: 'Is there any possibility of crossing the bridge?' he asked.

'None, none, my master. Alas! it has been shattered for some time past, and has not yet been repaired.'

'Let's go,' said my friend to me, 'and reconnoitre.'

We dismounted, gave our ponies to the horse-keepers, who had closely followed us, and walked a short distance along the bank. Suspended in the air, resting upon the forked branches of two forest trees, which grew nearly opposite

each other on either side of the stream, were the relics of one of those primitive bridges which the Singhalese villagers build to enable them to pass ravines and mountain torrents. Bamboo and the withes of a ground creeper called waywel are the usual materials they employ; but if they can get slabs of timber, they use them as well. This was the case here: the rough-hewn trunk of a tall but slender cocoa-nut palm spanned the river, its ends being firmly fastened to the two trees which served to support it. Originally, a sort of hand-rail of the waywel had been tied to uprights nailed along the stem; and thus hemmed in, the bridge was safe enough to traverse by any one not subject to dizziness on 'giddy heights;' but as time and mischief had partly removed this protection, leaving long gaps with nothing to hold on by, a more precarious, break-neck, risky crossing, save for the monkeys, no one could possibly imagine. Picture to yourself this tapering pole strung at a height over a deep rushing whirlpool of a current, and you will comprehend what we saw and what I fairly shuddered at.

Not so, my companion. He sprang up the tree, and stood for a moment or two upon the end of the mutilated bridge. Then he said quite determinedly: 'I've made up my mind; I'm going over.'

'Are you mad?' I exclaimed; 'going over that narrow, frail, up-in-the-clouds thing? Why, it's certain death if you fall.'

'Even so, old man; but I have walked with sure steps narrower planks than this.'

'Perhaps so; but not with a torrent rolling under you.—Don't attempt it!' I exclaimed; 'wait until the waters go down.'

'Wait! for four hours or more. Impossible! As I told you when we started, my errand is a vital one. I must be in Colombo on Sunday at the latest; and as to-day is Friday, to do that I must hit off to-morrow's coach in Kandy. Well, you and the other fellows have often joked me about my Blondin-like propensities; I am going to try now how nearly I can tread upon the heels of that worthy acrobat. Never fear; I will get across safely enough. It is a pity, however, that the nigger architects have not been a little more liberal in their breadth of timber; but your Singhalese native is invariably a skinflint.'

Again I attempted to combat the foolhardiness of my friend; but he threw me off, said half jocosely, half in earnest:

'I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die;'

and with the words in his mouth, began the crossing.

I am not, generally speaking, a nervous man, and I have had to witness some trying things in my time; but now I confess that fear and trembling came over me, and that I could not look upon my friend in his perilous transit. I half crouched and cowered behind a tree, my heart in my mouth, and every nerve strung to its utmost degree of tension. I expected every instant to hear a shriek, a splash, and then to see my friend buffeting with and carried away by the boiling torrent. Now and again, the voices of the old Singhalese and the Malabar

horsekeepers, who had crept up to the neighbourhood of the bridge, broke upon my ears, first as if in tones of entreaty and warning, then in those of astonishment, and lastly in shouts of admiration and joy. At the jubilant sounds I roused myself, looked up, and hurrahed, too, at the very top of my voice, for on the opposite bank the adventurous judge stood safe and sound!

A weight such as I had never borne before was removed from my breast. 'Thank goodness you're all right!' I called out.

'Yes, as a trivet,' he replied.—'Now, screw your courage to the sticking-place and run over.'

'Am I a jungle-cat, or a Wanderoo monkey, or even a district judge in the Ceylon Civil Service, to walk upon a hair? No; my good sir. If I took two steps upon that infinitesimally narrow palm's trunk, my doctoring occupation would be gone.—Thank you; no! I'll return to Badulla, and resume my physicking there.'

'Good-bye, then. I'll write to you from Kandy, if I can.'

He was gone. And it will no doubt satisfy the reader's curiosity to learn that, thanks to the mounts provided by friendly coffee-planters, he caught the coach, went on to Colombo, and found the person for whom he had risked his life out of danger and in a fair way of recovery.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES IN ANIMALS.

DOGS.

ALL sincere lovers of the animal creation are pleased to listen to the recitation of anecdotes illustrating the love and affection of animals for their lord and master, man. Many of these stories are deeply interesting, as showing the wondrous intelligence and reasoning powers so often exhibited; and others are deeply affecting, as proving an amount of genuine, unasked, unselfish love, that we fear is not always too abundant amongst educated bipeds. It is not unlikely that numbers of such acts are never heard of; as many men—well-meaning enough in other ways—are in the habit of looking on the dog or the cat as a mere animal and nothing more; and therefore, whatever it might do, or whatever sagacity it might display, the creature would be treated with indifference and passed by without notice. Byron, who loved animals as well as most folks, was quite aware of this when he wrote, with so much truth:

But the poor dog—in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend—
Unhonoured falls—unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

Strongly deprecating this indifference, it has always been the writer's delight to record every well-authenticated instance of remarkable sagacity in animals, in whatever way they have been brought under his notice. The cases referred to have come under the immediate notice either of the writer, or of friends on whose word he can rely.

Some years ago, a lady, who was a friend of our

family, possessed a beautiful black-and-tan 'King Charles' called Prinney. A most engaging and affectionate creature, he never showed the smallest symptom of temper, or anything disagreeable save in one thing, and that was, a fixed aversion to a particular melody. Music generally, either vocal or instrumental, he never took the smallest notice of, or exhibited the slightest dislike to; but if any one played, sang, whistled, or even hummed the well-known and popular duet from the opera of *Norma* known by the name of 'Si, fin' al ora,' no matter where he was or what he was doing, he would start up and commence the most dismal howling, with his nose elevated in the air. If the music did not cease on this melancholy and earnest appeal, he would make frantic efforts to get out of the room, rearing on his hind-legs, scratching violently at the door, and continuing his howling until some one opened the door and let him out. We took great pains to investigate this curious antipathy, but could never arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion. As before stated, the dog never objected to music generally, as many dogs have been known to do, nor even to single airs closely resembling the *Norma* melody; but so soon as we commenced that one—even though we purposely jumbled it up with some other—he would instantly detect it, and take his part of the 'howling obligato' with an energy and determination which nothing could stop.

It had been suggested that the dog had on some particular occasion been severely beaten, or ill-treated, when this melody was either played or sung, and thus it was painfully impressed on the dog's mind and memory. But this could not have been the case, for my friend had received him as a puppy, and certainly never ill-treated him, or even whipped him. What, therefore, could have been the peculiar connection in the dog's mind between this one particular melody, and some fear of ill-usage or pain—for nothing but such a recollection could have caused his piteous howling, which always indicated intense fear or dread—is a mystery, and one which it seems impossible to solve, or even explain on any reasonable grounds.

The following anecdote somewhat resembles the last, inasmuch as the peculiar antipathy shown is also in connection with music, although not to any particular melody, as in Prinney's case. A little white terrier belonging to my grandfather had a peculiar antipathy to the pianoforte, for as soon as any one began to play, Rose would walk into the middle of the room, and then, quietly seating herself, facing the instrument, elevate her nose, and commence a long series of howlings, but without any display of anger or temper, or any attempt to run away. It might have been her own original way of expressing applause, or approbation of pianoforte-playing in general, for it should be specially noted that no other music, vocal or instrumental, ever affected the dog. Musical friends, one with his flute, another with his fiddle, often came in, but Rose never took notice of either of these until the pianoforte began; then at once began her demonstration. Now, what could have caused this curious antipathy—if it was an actual

antipathy—to the sound of one particular musical instrument? The dog was born and bred at a farmhouse in Surrey, and farmhouses in those primitive days never possessed such an unheard-of luxury as a pianoforte; and therefore, until she came into my grandfather's keeping—and she came direct from Surrey—she could never have heard the sound of such an instrument. How, then, are we to explain her singular procedure? I fear it is only another 'dog mystery,' and must ever remain so.

A third, and certainly most remarkable, case of musical antipathy is all the more singular because it was not exhibited towards any special melody or instrument, but towards one particular person only—a lady. The dog—a beautiful and very amiable Clumber spaniel—belonged to an uncle of ours who always brought Wag with him whenever he paid us a visit, for the dog was a universal favourite; but, unluckily, he had always to be put out of the room when one of the ladies of our family was going to sing, because he seemed to have a violent antipathy, not to music or singing generally, but only to the voice of this lady; and, what is perhaps still more odd, he always seemed, personally, to be very fond of her; but the moment she began to sing, he would start up and commence whining, growling, and at last barking, gradually increasing in force, until he got to a grand *fortissimo*. He would run up in front of the lady, and get so angry, that any one would have supposed he was going to fly at her. But this he never attempted, and as the Scotch say, 'His bark was waur than his bite.' This lady possessed a brilliant soprano voice; and it has been suggested that the clear, ringing, penetrating tones must have produced a peculiar vibration or sensation, perhaps causing sharp pain, in the dog's ears, which might have occasioned his extraordinary action, for it must be remembered that this lady's voice, and hers alone, produced the effect described.

The next case of unreasoning antipathy was that of a very handsome half-bred bull-terrier, called Charley. He belonged to a friend of ours, the vicar of a beautiful parish in Kent, and was an affectionate, good-tempered dog, never known to bite, snarl, growl, or do anything disagreeable to his friends. He would romp and play with the children on the vicarage lawn by the hour together, and never lose his temper, though often sorely tried by the thoughtless teasing of his little playmates. Yet he, too, had his peculiarity, which was, that if any one—master, friend, or stranger—approached him rubbing the palms of his hands slowly together, and at the same time repeating his name very deliberately, 'Char-ley, Char-ley,' the dog would instantly get into a state of wild fury. He would bark violently, until the bark ended in that peculiar sort of scream often noticed in small dogs when greatly excited or angered. He would make a rush at the offending person, and then suddenly retreat backwards, throwing out his fore-paws with sudden jerks at each bark; and although the person might cease the action, yet it would be some time before Charley recovered his usual equanimity, going about the room uttering little short barks, and a sort of odd sound between the end of a growl and the beginning of a whine!

When this curious antipathy was first noticed,

it so much surprised and interested the vicar—who was a devoted lover of animals—that he took a great amount of trouble to try to find out what could have been the original cause. He thought the dog might have been taught this merely as a clever trick; but he could never procure any evidence to show that such had been the case on the part of any one in the vicarage or village. What could have caused these extraordinary bursts of passion and anger at so simple an act as merely rubbing the palms of the hands together? There was nothing in the act itself calculated to irritate or frighten any animal, and therefore the greater the mystery at the strange effect produced. As the vicar could discover nothing through his investigations, he had to 'accept the inevitable,' and come to the conclusion that it was unaccountable.

CURIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

THAT great engine that never sleeps, as Thackeray once described the press, not unfrequently displays its energy and enterprise in the performance of feats both novel and interesting. All are more or less familiar with the daring and intrepidity of its 'specials,' who in their eagerness to supply those at home with full and graphic descriptions of stirring scenes, expose themselves to the risk of being shot; while the public spirit and enterprise of the different journals are shown by the lavish way in which they spend their money in the laying of special cables or in the hiring of special steamers or trains. These are matters of every-day occurrence, on which plenty has been, and will continue to be written; but at the present moment we wish to confine the attention of our readers to the history of a few novel and curious broadsheets which have appeared at different times.

In 1828 a paper was published called the *Cherokee Phoenix*, which is interesting on more accounts than one. It was published in English and Cherokee, the latter portion being printed with characters invented after years of patient labour and thought by one of the Indians, whose curiosity had been excited by the 'speaking leaf,' as he called a newspaper which he one day heard a white man read with surprising readiness and facility. After producing his alphabet, he taught it to the other members of his tribe, and eventually, with the assistance of government, was enabled to start the *Phoenix*. Very similar was the *Sandwich Islands Gazette*, first started in 1835, and boasting of wood-cuts, for which the publisher received a license from the king, worded as follows: 'To STEPHEN D. MACKINTOSH.—I assent to the letter which you have sent me. It affords me pleasure to see the works of other lands and things that are new. If I was there, I should very much like to see. I have said to Kivan, "Make printing-presses." My thought is ended.—Love to you and Reynolds.—By KING KAINKEAGUOLI.' This paper was of eight octavo pages, and was published in English. The present ruler of the Sandwich Islands shares the liberal views expressed in the above letter of his predecessor. Since that time, the practice of publishing papers in the native tongues has spread rapidly; and in India alone at the present moment no fewer than three

hundred and thirty newspapers, with a total circulation of more than one hundred and ten thousand, are printed in the languages spoken in the different provinces.

A most curious paper is the official Chinese paper, called *King-Pan*, which claims to have been started as early as 911, and to have appeared at irregular intervals till 1351, when it came out regularly every week. At the commencement of the present century, it became a 'daily,' at the price of two *kehs*—about a halfpenny. By a decree of the emperor, a short time back, it was ordered that three editions were to be printed every day—the first or morning edition, on yellow paper, is devoted to commercial intelligence; the second or afternoon edition contains official and general news; and the third, on red paper, is a summary of the two earlier editions, with the addition of political and social articles. The editorial duties are performed by six members of the Scientific Academy, who are appointed by government. The circulation is about fourteen thousand daily.

On board the *Hecla*, one of the ships belonging to Captain Edward Parry's expedition in search of the north-west passage, a paper was printed called the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*. The first number was dated the 1st November 1819, and its twenty-first and last the 20th March 1820. The *Great Britain* steamer, which started for Australia on the 21st of August 1852, may claim to have inaugurated the practice of publishing a newspaper on board ship, as a paper, entitled the *Great Britain Times*, was published every week during the voyage, and distributed amongst the passengers. At the present time, these sea-born broadsheets are a source of considerable amusement, and go a long way to relieve the monotony of the passage, as the passengers not only read but supply the articles. Burlesque telegrams, jokes made by the passengers, and all the news, whether social, nautical, or personal, of the voyage, are published in their columns. One well-known American journal has even purchased a steamer and fitted it up as a regular floating newspaper office. The editors, sub-editors, and journalists all live on board; and by this means, news which has been picked up during the voyage can be set up without loss of time; whilst the details of any incident can be fully authenticated by the steamer calling at the scene of action. This steamer plies between Memphis and New Orleans, distributing the papers on its journeys, and collecting every item of news current along the banks of the Mississippi.

Before the 67th Regiment left England for British Burmah, the officers spent a sum of money in purchasing a printing-press and types, with which they published a paper called *Our Chronicle*, soon after they landed at Rangoon. The editorial staff and compositors were all connected with the regiment, and the journal was regarded as a phenomenon in the annals of the press. Another military journal deserving mention is, or was, the *Cuartal Real*, the official organ of the Carlists, published during the war on the almost inaccessible summit of the Pena de la Plata.

Though America is the land of big things, in newspaper matters it can boast of possessing the smallest paper in the world. This diminutive journal is the *Madoc Star*, which very properly has

for its motto, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.' It is published weekly. Its dimensions are three inches and a half by three inches; and it consists of four pages, the first being devoted to foreign news, the second to mining notes, the last two to local news. If we may believe the Paris *Rappel*, America has recently issued two startling novelties combining utility with entertainment. The first is a newspaper printed on cotton cloth, and is called the *Pocket-handkerchief*, which at once explains the purpose to which it is to be put when intellectual demands have been satisfied. The other is called the *Necktie*, being printed with gold letters upon silk, and is said to be highly ornamental and of great elegance. This is practical literature with a vengeance.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

SWEET dawn of peace, how lovely is thy breaking!

With summer blossoms round thy smiling brow,
From troubled dreams of dead and dying, waking,
Gladly we hasten forth to greet thee now.
Heaven's brightest gems are gleaming in thy tresses;
Thy voice of melody bids discord cease;
And 'neath the magic of thy fond caresses,
All earth grows beautiful, fair dawn of peace.

Earth's feathered minstrels plume their wings with gladness,

And hail thy coming with a burst of song;
While weary Age, bowed down with care and sadness,
Passes contented through life's busy throng.
What though the summer of our lives be over,
Our steps may falter, but our hearts rejoice,
When, o'er fair fields of fragrant crimson clover,
Steals the dear music of thy heavenly voice.

The nation kneels in humble adoration,

For angels follow in thy glittering train,
Singing sweet hymns of praise; while all creation
Mingles its voice in the triumphant strain.
No bloodstains mar thy robe of snowy whiteness,
Though thou hast paused o'er many a gory bed,
Shedding a halo of celestial brightness
Round the still forms of the unburied dead.

To the lone mother by her childless ingle,

Bright as a star thy radiant face appears;
And golden hopes, like morning sunbeams, mingle
With the pure fountain of her joyous tears.
Fades the dark memory of long nights of sorrow;
Her worn cheek glows; her heart's wild doubtings
cease.

To Love and Home, her boy shall come to-morrow,
Borne in thy pitying arms, blest dawn of peace.

Delighted childhood flings white chains of daisies,

As Youth's best offering, at thy gracious feet;
The dome of heaven seems echoing forth thy praises;
Where muffled drums made mourning, glad hearts
beat;
And while the merry lark is proudly soaring
In joyous rapture from the emerald sod,
Peans of praise our grateful souls are pouring,
For thou art welcome as a smile from God!

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